

GEE AITCH 43

No. 37. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Wed., June 18, 1919

Musical Show Tonight

52nd Field Artillery Play Local Ball Team

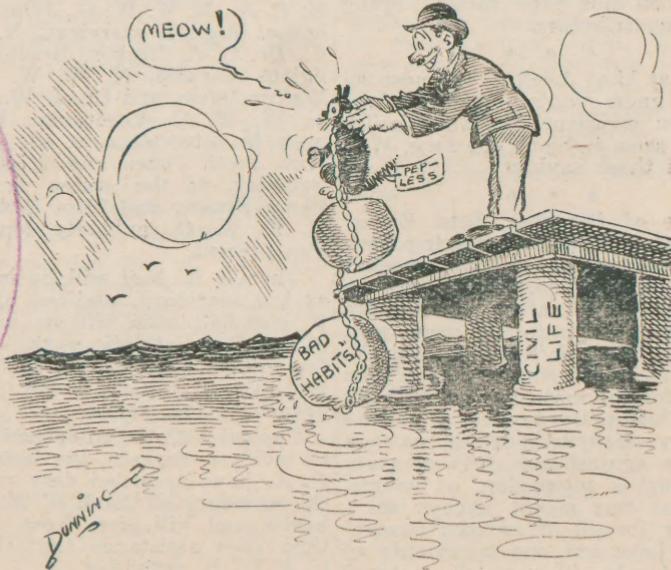
FORT MONROE BASEBALLERS HERE TODAY.

The 52nd Field Artillery of Ft. Monroe came here this afternoon to play the locals. This bunch has been here a number of times and tried to do us, but could not, but with real stick-to-it-iveness. They're coming to try again. Let us hope for a better display of sportsmanship than the other time.

Eleven people will participate in the Red Cross musical production that will appear on the local stage tonight. Moving pictures are also included in the program.

TOMORROW NIGHT.

"The Marines" in three one act plays, will feature ten people, in the local theatre. War Camp Community Service are furnishing this show. Theatre will open promptly at 7 o'clock on both nights.



A tip to those being discharged.

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MEDICAL

GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday, and devoted to the interests of General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson, commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field director.

Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day: Lieutenant McDonald

Wednesday, June 18, 1919.

Gee Aitch 43 is indebted to contributors for the editorial matter that appears on this page today. Many thanks, contributors.

* * *

Look at him! Look at the nose on him! I guess you're right at that! Glad you mentioned it, and similar sayings, seem to be all the rage. Who invented those sayings?

* * *

People of the post, Sgts. Ernest and Emerson included: Having been invited to become a correspondent for our enterprising daily tribune, the Gee Aitch 43, allow me to quote the famous saying: "If you can't boost, don't knock," also "pluck the beam from thine own eye before thou lookest for the mote in thy brother's eye." This applies to most of us who are always ready to speak up too soon ill things against our daily companions. Just a suggestion, of course, and in no way meant except as a reminder for all of us who congregate to have out our arguments of ill intent. In other words, a word to the wise is sufficient.

Yours for "motes" and "beans."
G. H.

OPENING OF Y. M. C. A. HUT A PLEASANT EVENT.

The informal opening of the Y. M. C. A. Hut occurred Monday evening. The local band rendered a very pleasing concert to a host of Post dwellers that had gathered on the lawn outside the hut. At the close of the concert by the band, Thomas R. Neil, hut secretary, addressed the crowd, inviting them into the newly built and cosy hut, the interior of which was beautifully decorated with the allied flags and palms. The orchestra then entertained with concert numbers. Vocal solos by Miss Josephine Starrett, a Nebraska girl who is associated with the hut at Camp Stuart, and by Cpl. Sullivan, old 43 favorite.

Lt. Col. Richardson, Major Roberts, Chaplain Robertson and McAdams, and many other officers were in the gathering. Mr. Edward C. Baldwin, district secretary of the Y. M. C. A., N. W. W. C., John W. Alt-house, business secretary, N. W. W. C., Dr. C. A. Decker, director of religious worship, N. W. W. C., Mr. Walter Davis, and Dr. J. W. Gifford, N. W. W. C. Vocational Director, were in attendance at the opening. Miss Edith Jones and Miss Ayliffe Brindley, of the water front hut, Camp Stuart, and Miss Esther Lee, N. W. W. C., publicity dept., were also present.

Thomas R. Neil will be in charge as hut secretary, assisted by Frank B. Marshall, who will be in charge of social and athletic work. The latter will be a great help to the local Red Cross athletic man in that branch of the work.

Typical with the co-operative spirit of welfare workers, the local Y. M. C. A. have accorded desk room for the secretary of the J. W. B. welfare board, and will give from time to time such assistance that they can to J. W. B. activities.

Members of the Post, the Y. M. C. A. is open to all of you. You are always welcome there. Come often.

ECHOES OF THE Y. M. C. A. OPENING NIGHT.

The chaplains were there. No, no relation to Charlie, at all.

If singing had been wanting, Lt. Kanary was there.

So as not to cut the evening short, Mr. Long came over.

Advertisement Answered.

Anyone wishing an answer to the question in June 10th's "GEE AITCH" as to why Corp. Stoddard reposes so calmly evenings on his bunk. Ask "The Rose of Old Man's Land."

OFFICERS' DANCE TONIGHT.

The officers of the Post and their friends will hold another dance in the Red Cross Convalescent house tonight, after the show. This is the fourth big summer night gathering of this nature in this building by the officers since summer opened. A pleasant time is predicted.

NURSES ENJOYED DANCE MONDAY NIGHT.

A very pleasant dance party was enjoyed in the Nurse's Recreation Hall, Monday evening by the nurses, officers and friends.

RED CROSS SHOWS MOVIES IN HOSPITAL WARDS.

Under the direction of Mr. Knolley, Red Cross Entertainment Director, with the assistance of Sgt. Landania, moving pictures were shown in Ward 5. The new Red Cross portable moving picture machine was used, and the pictures were much enjoyed by the ward patients. More work of this nature is planned by the Red Cross.

SERGEANT HOHL TO TRANSFER.

Sgt. 1st c. William J. Hohl, will soon be leaving us for a better place he claims, in or near Camp Sherman, Ohio. Look out, Bill, perhaps the doctors there won't have as much patience as Capt. Brush has had.

BARRACKS "I"

(By their own correspondent.)

Miss Jacobson, the next time you pass and don't even give me one little pleasant look, I won't ever be your appendicitis patient again.

Someone had pleasant dreams of July first lately. He slept all afternoon; must have been a nice dream.

The little Birdie tells strange things; however, we can't help but believe them, as Birdie was never known to tell us an untruth, and he whispered in our ear yesterday that it was rumored that Sgt. Fenzel would not work if he could land a job in the pie factory.

Come on Fenzel, make a liar out of the bird one time.

If you want to know about your discharge, see Old Man Samuels; he knows. We guess he's right at that.

Stop! Look! Listen! to Sgt. Ernest explain his views on conversing with the other spiritual world. Ernie you have some good dope, but where did you get it? Just because the magazine said so, that's no reason why you should be so convinced. There's nothing impossible, but, we must be convinced by a more forcible argument.

The latest sport in the Top Deck Barracks "I" has been telling fish stories. One last evening weighed 750 pounds, and he got away before they could land him. Question: "How could they tell how much he weighed?" Also a turtle would bite for three days after his head was off.

Sgt. Harris must answer all this, as soon as he makes his extensive study and concludes an answer.

Sgt. Hosey wishes to thank "Doc Iodine" Sheydt for his professional medical attention given him during his sun-stroke prostration. He says: "As a doctor, Sheydt is a veterinarian."

"ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE WRONG."

Cpl. Sullivan, long a member of this Post and well known to all, through his work on the former De-Barker, and also Post theatrical circles, is now a civilian. He dropped in to see the editor last evening and bidding his farewells asked that this paper voice his kindest farewell wishes to the Post generally. To use his own words: "Tell them Sully wishes good-bye and good luck to all his friends among the Nurses, Officers and Enlisted men of the Post, and hopes they will all receive their H. D.'s real soon, and says, if any of them ever dust off in his town, he'll loan them the key to his cellar."

Cpl. Sullivan's work on this Post has been a benefit and enjoyment to all. On the stage, as well as when mingling with us, this six feet, some odd inches of joviality, helped wonderfully to dispense with gloom. He returns to his home in Buffalo, N. Y. Best luck, Sully, old potato.

OTHER FAREWELLERS.

Sgt. 1st c. Calvert, former filing clerk at Headquarters, received his passports yesterday to depart, and is now "homeward bound," leaving friends behind.

Sgt. Connington, by no means a stranger to theater goers, especially, makes a quick shift of togs in the wings of this morning. He slides out of khaki uniform and into loose trousers and a coat with regular lapels on it, and makes his next appearance out on the great sage of civilian life. Mr. Connington's military service at this place in connection with theatrical entertainment runs hand in hand with that of Sully's, and there is a possible chance that he remains here for some time as Mr. Connington, stage manager, at least we have heard it so rumored about. Best wishes to both sergeants, in all their future endeavors.

BACK FROM PASS.

Returned from brief respite back home are: Sgts. 1st c. R. L. Smith and Homer Temple, Sgt. Mulligan and Pvt. Joseph Cramer.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Cpl. Townsend seems to be busily engaged in camouflage art. He is working so strenuously pencilizing his eyebrows as to stop eating chow. What next, Corp?

(By a local genius.)
In a certain section of the Old Soldiers' Home,
Live four nice young ladies quite alone;
They miss the boys they were accustomed to,
And were in a quandary as to what they could do;
Till at last a bright idea struck one,
We'll put an ad. in the paper, just for fun.

WANTED—AT ONCE—Four brave soldiers "discharged, preferred, And who never have worn their puttees spurred, We do not mind if their looks don't command attention, But there are a few qualifications we'll mention— Chin whiskers and gray hair are quite taboo, And they must be a little under seventy-two, We'd prefer them not to walk with a cane, Chew, smoke, and never to be profane; We wouldn't want their foreheads to recede to their ears, Nor their shoulders to be bent with cares of the years.

We think that's all, and it gives lots of space,
To anyone wishing to enter this antique race;
So if any ex-soldiers care to help out of a fix,
They can apply immediately and address—Box 6.

CONTRIBS.

Who is the poor fish that demonstrates his "narrow braid" by playing the victrola in the right hand wing of barrack "H" at mid-night.

—o—
Pvt. Silver is no dancer, but when it comes to serving ice cream cones, Oh! you kid, he's there.